

New York Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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WAITING FOR THE MORROW.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Tell me o'er; in my chamber
All alone I silent sit.
Sometimes athwart the window
I can see a shadow sit.
I think of thee, my darling,
And the leagues that twixt us lie,
How near is the distance,
And how vain I strain mine eye.
I'm waiting for the morrow.

The night comes slow, my darling,
Yet slower comes the morrow;
And longingly I'm waiting
To see the golden arrow
Of light dart through my window,
The softest and the brightest ray,
The sweetest of all heralds—
Announcing the new-born day.
While waiting for the morrow.

I'm waiting for the morrow,
For a joy I then expect;
It is the long-d-d for mislaid
With thy ringing words bedecked.
Such words of tender meaning,
Which alone I can discern;
I long to send the answer
Of affection in return
While waiting for the morrow.

I'm waiting for the dawning
When the light steals faint and clear
Over the scene where I sit,
At which I am sitting here.
What if the bright to-morrow
Come with empty hands to me,
Should I this sweet hope banish,
Or cherish a doubt of thee?
My hope would be—*to-morrow!*

Erminie:

or,
THE GIPSY QUEEN'S VOW.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY," "VICTORIA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

MOTHER AND SON.

"Oh, my son, Absalom! my son, my son, Absalom! Would to God, I might die for thee! Oh! Absalom! my son, my son!"

That same night; that night of storm and tempest without, and still fiercer storm and tempest within; that same night—three hours later; in a narrow, dark, noiseless cell, with a grated window and iron-barred door, with a rude pallet of straw comprising the furniture, and one flickering, uncertain lamp lighting its tomb-like darkness, sat two young men.

One of these was a youth of three-and-twenty; tall and slender in form, with a dark, clear complexion; a strikingly handsome face; a fierce, flashing eye of fire; thick, clustering curls of jet; a daring, reckless air, and an expression of mingled scorn, hatred, defiance and ferocity in his face. There were fetters on his slender wrists and ankles, and he wore the degrading dress of a condemned felon.

By his side sat Lord Ernest Villiers—his handsome face looking deeply sad and grave.

"And this is all, Germaine," he said, sorrowfully. "Can I do nothing at all for you?"

"Nothing. What do you think I want? Is not the government, in its fatherly care, going to clothe, feed, and provide for me during the remainder of my mortal life? Why, man, do you think me unreasonable?"

He laughed a bitter, mocking laugh, terrible to hear.

"Germaine, Heaven knows, if I could do anything for you, I would!" said Lord Villiers, excitedly. "My father, like all the rest of the world, believes you guilty, and I can do nothing. But if it will be any consolation, remember that you leave one in England who still believes you innocent."

"Thank you, Villiers. There is another, too, who, I think, will hardly believe I have taken to petty pilfering, your father and the rest of the magnates of the land to the contrary, notwithstanding."

"Who is that, Germaine?"

"My mother."

"Where is she? Can I bring her to you?" said Lord Villiers, starting up.

"You are very kind; but it is not in your power to do so," said the prisoner, quietly. "My mother is probably in Yetholm with her tribe. You don't need to be told now I am a gipsy; my interesting family history was pretty generally made known at my trial."

Again he laughed that short, sarcastic laugh so sad to hear.

"My dear fellow, I think none the worse of you for that. Gipsy or Saxon, I cannot forget you once saved my life, and that you have for years been my best friend."

"Well, it is pleasant to know that there is one in the world who cares for me; and if I do die like a dog among my fellow-convicts, my last hour will be cheered by the thought," said the young man, drawing a deep breath. "If ever you see my mother, which is not likely, tell her I was grateful for all she did for me; you need not tell her I was innocent, for she will know that. There is another, too!"

He paused, and his dark face flushed, and then grew paler than before.

"My dear Germaine, if there is any message I can carry for you, you have only to command me," said the young lord, warmly.

"No; it is as well she should not know it—better, perhaps," muttered the prisoner, half to himself. "I thank you for your friendly kindness, Villiers; but it will not be necessary."

"And your mother, Germaine, how am I to know her?"

"Oh, I forgot! Well, she's called the gipsy



"Remember, when far away, you leave one behind who will wreak vengeance for all we have both suffered."

Ketura, and is queen of her tribe. It is something to be a queen's son—is it not?" he said, with another hard, short laugh.

"Ketura, did you say?" repeated Lord Villiers, in surprise.

"Yes. What has surprised you now?"

"Why, the simple fact that I saw her three hours ago."

"Saw her? Where?"

"At my father's house. She came to see him."

Germaine sprung up, and while his eyes fiercely flashed, he exclaimed:

"Came to see Lord De Courcy! My mother came to see him! Villiers, you do not mean to say that my mother came to beg for my life?"

"My dear fellow, I really do not know.

The interview was a private one. All I do know is, that half an hour after my father returned among his guests, looking very much as if he had just seen a ghost. In fact, I never saw him with so startled a look in all my life before."

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as fierce and consuming as a volcano's fire, when it came. Mother, I did not *love* that beautiful child-woman. Love! Pshaw! that is a cold word to express what I felt—every moonstruck youth prates about his *love*. No; I adored, I worshipped, I idolized her; the remembrance of who I was, of who *she* was—all were as walls of smoke before the impetuosity of that first consuming passion. The Everlys never dreamed—never, in the remotest degree, fancied—I, the son of an exiled count, could dare to lift my eyes to one whom a prince of the blood-royal might almost have wed without stooping. They had confidence in her, the proud daughter of a proud race, to this she would spur me from her in contempt, did I dare to breathe my wild passion. But how little, in their cool, clear-headed calculations, did they dream that social position and worldly considerations were as a cobweb barrier before the impetuosity of first love!

And so, secure in the difference between us in rank, the Everlys permitted their beautiful niece to ride, walk, dance and drive with the gay, agreeable son of the exiled Count Germaine. Oh! those long, breezy morning rides, over the sloping hills and wide lawns that environed the home of the Everlys! I can see her now, as side by side we rode homeward—I drinking in, until every sense was intoxicated, the bewildering draught of her beauty, as she sat on her coal-black pony, her dark riding-habit fluttering in the morning breeze; her cheek flushed with health and happiness; her brilliant eyes, more glorious to me than all the stars in heaven; her bright, black hair flashing back the radiant sunlight! Oh! those long, moonlight strolls, arm-in-arm, through the wilderness of roses, not half so beautiful as the queen-rose beside me, that bloomed in wild luxuriance in the gardens! Oh! those enchanting evenings, when, encircled by my arm, we kept time together to the delicious music of the voluptuous waltz. Then it was, there it was, that the gipsy youth wood and won the high-born daughter of a princely race.

For, mother, even as I loved her she loved me. No, not as I loved her—it was not in her nature to do that, but with all the passionate ardor of a first, strong passion... I had long known I was not indifferent to her; but when, one night, as I stood bending over her as she sat at the piano, and heard her sweetly lady-aunt whisper to a friend, in a few more years, her 'lovely and accomplished' niece would become the bride of Lord Ernest Villiers, all that had hitherto restrained me from telling that love was forgotten. I saw her start, and turn pale as she, too, heard and caught the quick, anxious glance she cast at me. All I felt at that moment must have been revealed in my face, for her eyes fell beneath mine and the hot blood mounted to her very brow.

"And you are engaged to another?" I said in a tone of passionate reproach. "Oh, why did I not know this?"

"It is no engagement of my making," she said, in a low, trembling voice. "I never saw Lord Villiers, nor he me. Our fathers wish we should marry, that is all."

"And will you obey?" I said, in a thrilling whisper.

"No," she said, impulsively; "never."

"The look that accompanied the words made me forget all I had hitherto striven to remember. In an instant I was at her feet, pouring out my wild tale of passion; in another, she was in my arms, whispering the words that made me the happiest man on earth. It was well for us both the room was nearly deserted, and the corner where we were in deepest shadow, or the ecstasies into which, like all lovers, we went, would have led to somewhat unpleasant consequences. But our destinies had decreed we should, for the time, have things all our own way; and that night, wandering in the pale, solemn moonlight, I urged, with all the eloquence of a first, resistless passion, a secret marriage. I spoke of her father's compelling us to part, of his insisting on her marriage with one whom she could not love; I drew a touching description of myself, devoted to a life of solitude and misery, and probably ending by committing suicide—which melancholy picture so worked upon her fears, that I verily believe she would have fled with me to New South Wales, had I asked it. And so I pleaded, with all the ardor of a passion that was as strong and uncontrollable as it was selfish and exacting, until she promised, the following night, to steal secretly out and fly with me to where I was to have a clergyman in waiting, and then and there become my wife."

Once more he paused, and his fine eyes were full of bitter self-reproach now.

"Mother, that was the turning-point in my destiny. Looking back to that time now, I can wish I had been struck dead sooner than have hurried, as I did, that impulsive, warm-hearted girl into that fatal marriage. Then, in all the burning ardor of youth, I thought of nothing but the intoxicating happiness within my grasp; and had an angel from heaven pleaded for the postponement of my designs, I would have hurled a refusal back in his face. I thought only of the present—the joy, too intense, almost, to be borne—and I steadily shut my eyes to the future. I knew she would loathe, hate, and despise me, if she ever discovered—as discover she must—some day—how I had deceived her; for, with all her love for me, she inherited the pride and haughtiness of her noble house uncontaminated. Had she known who I really was, I know she would have considered me unworthy to touch even the hem of her garment.

"All that day she remained in her room; while I rode off to a neighboring town to engage a clergyman to unite us at the appointed hour. Midnight found me waiting, at the trysting-place; and true to the hour, my beautiful bride, brave in the strength of her love and woman's faith in my honor, met me there, alone; for I would have no attendants to share our confidence.

"Two horses stood waiting. I lifted her into the saddle, sprung upon my own horse; and away we dashed, at a break-neck pace, to consummate our own future misery. There was no time for words; but I strove to whisper of the happy days in store for us, as we rode along. She did not utter a word; but her face was whiter than that of the dead when I lifted her from the saddle and drew her with me into the church.

"The great aisles were dimly lighted by one solitary lamp, and by its light we beheld the clergyman, standing, in full canons, to sanction our mad marriage. Robed in a dark, flowing dress, with her white face looking out from her damp, flowing, midnight hair, I can see her before me, as she stood there, shivering at intervals with a strange presaging of future evil."

"It was an ominous bridal, mother; for, as the last words died away, and we were pronounced man and wife, the harsh, dreadful croak of a raven resounded through the vast, dim church, and the ghostly bird of omen fluttered for a moment over our heads, and fell dead at our feet. Excited by the consciousness

that she was doing wrong; the solemn, unlighted old church; the dread, mystic hour—all proved too much for my little child-wife, and with a piercing shriek, she fell fainting in my arms. Mother, the unutterable reproach of that wild, agonizing cry will haunt me to my dying day."

No words can describe the bitterness of his tone, the undying self-reproach that filled his dark eyes, as he spoke.

"We bore her to the vestry; but it was long before she revived, and longer still before, with all the seductive eloquence of passionate love, I could soothe her into quiet.

"Oh, Reginald, I have done wrong!" was her sorrowful, remorseful cry to all I could say.

"We paid the clergyman, and rode home—the gipsy youth and the high born lady, united for life now by the mysterious tie of marriage. Now that the last, desperate step was taken, even I grew for a moment appalled at what I had done. But I did not regret. No; had it been again to do, I would have done it over a thousand times. I would have lost heaven sooner than her!

"Three weeks longer we continued inmates of Every Hall; and no one ever suspected that we met other than as casual acquaintances. Looking back now on my past life, those are the only days of unalloyed sunshine I can remember in the whole course of my life; and she—she, too, closed her eyes to the future, and was for the time being perfectly happy.

"But the time came when we were forced to part. She went back to school, while I returned to London. I met her frequently, at first; but her father, after a time, began to think, perhaps, that, for the son of an exiled count, I was making too rapid progress in his daughter's affections, and peremptorily ordered her to discontinue the acquaintance. But she loved me well enough to disobey him; and though I saw she looked forward with undisguised terror to the time when the revelation of our marriage would be made, we still continued to meet at long intervals.

"So a year passed. One day, wishing to consult her about something—I forgot what—we met at an appointed trysting place. She entered the light chaise I had brought with me and we drove off. The horses were half-tamed things at best, and in the outskirts of a little village several miles from the academy, they took flight at something, and started off like the wind. I strove in vain to check them. On they flew, like lightning, until suddenly coming in contact with a garden-fence, the chaise was overthrown, and we were both flung violently out.

"To tell you this story, to commit my child to your charge, I wished to see you to-night, mother," he said, at last, without looking up.

"She does not dream of its existence; she was told it died the hour of its birth, and was buried while she was still unconscious. In this pocketbook you will find the address of the woman who keeps it; tell her the count—for as such she knows me—sent you for it. Take it with you to Yetholm, mother; try to think it is your son, Reginald, and forget the miserable convict whom you may never see more."

Still no reply, but oh, the fixed, burning gaze of those spectral eyes of fire!

"Mother, you must leave me now," he said, lifting his head, and looking sorrowfully in her rigid, haggard face; "for the few hours that are left me, I would like to be alone. It is better for us both that we part now."

"I will not go!" she said a voice so hollow, so unnatural, that it seemed to issue from the jaws of death. "I will not go. I defy heaven and earth, and God himself, to tear me from you now!"

"Mother, it is my wish," he said, calmly.

"Yours, Reginald!" she cried, in a voice of unutterable reproach. "You wish that I should leave you? For fifteen years I have given you up, and in one short hour you tire of me now. Oh, Reginald, my son! my son!"

No words can describe the piercing anguish, the utter woe, that rived that wild eye from her tortured heart.

He came over, and laid his small, delicate hand on hers, hard, coarse, and black with sun, wind, and toil.

"Listen to me, my mother!" And his low, calm, soothed tones were in strong contrast to her impassioned voice. "I am not tired of you—you wrong me by thinking so; but I have letters to write, and many matters to arrange before to-morrow's sun rises. I am tired, too, and want to rest; for it is a long time since sleep has visited my eyes, mother."

"Sleep" she bitterly echoed; "and when do you think I have slept? Look at these sunken eyes, this ghastly face, this haggard form, and ask when I slept. Think of the mighty wrong I have suffered, and ask when I shall sleep again."

"My poor, unhappy mother!"

"He can sleep," she broke out, with a low, wild laugh. "Oh, yes! in his bed of down, with his princely son under the same roof, with menials to come at his beck, he can sleep. Yes, he sleeps now! but the hour comes when that sleep shall last forever! Then my eyes may close, but never before!"

"You are delirious, mother; this blow has turned your brain."

She rose to her feet, her tall, gaunt form looming up in the shadowy darkness; her wild black hair streaming disheveled down her back; her fierce eyes blazing with demoniacal light, one long, bony arm raised and pointing to heaven.

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"He can sleep," she broke out, with a low, wild laugh. "Oh, yes! in his bed of down, with his princely son under the same roof, with menials to come at his beck, he can sleep. Yes, he sleeps now! but the hour comes when that sleep shall last forever! Then my eyes may close, but never before!"

"You are delirious, mother; this blow has turned your brain."

She rose to her feet, her tall, gaunt form looming up in the shadowy darkness; her wild black hair streaming disheveled down her back; her fierce eyes blazing with demoniacal light, one long, bony arm raised and pointing to heaven.

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"My poor, unhappy mother!"

"He can sleep," she broke out, with a low, wild laugh. "Oh, yes

MY FRIEND'S SON.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

"A charming boy, my son," he said.

"Come soon, and see the tricksome elf;

"So pretty, playful, innocent—

"The little imp!"

"I venture may Heaven forgive the sin;

"I will not soon repeat that trip;

"I went; and found that perfect child

"A perfect little rip."

"His mother's eyes his father's nose;

"His uncle's pretty, sportive ways."

"I take no stock in sportiveness,

"So the little imp!"

"Just hear his pretty prattle!" cried

"The cherub's mother, full of joy;

"He kept the conversation up,

"Did that tremendous boy.

He rubbed molasses in my hair,

"He crawled about me like a shrimp.

"He put a bent pin on my chair,

"Tore the chair to pieces."

"I had a smile, and seem amused:

"The cunning rogue, just look at that!"

The father said. It was such fun

For them and for their—brat.

And still, with ever growing vim,

"He spread himself, that tender youth.

Told how he cut the cherry tree—

"He climbed that table like a cat,

And like a stone dropped down again.

Alas! he was not born to kill.

Himself just there and then.

And next he set my teeth on edge

With howls that made the welkin ring.

Their cherub still he was, but with

A sad, a *misérable* terrible was he,

Who bolted down the very things

I wanted most, at tea.

He wiped his fingers my coat,

He spilled the gravy in my lap—

Oh, had I been his parent long

Enough to have him as my son?

I had to grin; he was their pride;

I spent six dreadful hours about

With that young imp; they were the last,

I've had my eye-teeth cut.

Enough is better than a feast.

And yet I dare not, though in fun,

Tell that proud father what I think

About his petted son.

But, if you'll meet me there again

That boy living, I'll yield to fate,

Without delay, to Califor-

Nia! I'll emigrate.

And bury me in some deep gulch

Upon the new world's furthest rim,

Rather than die a martyr to

One of earth's cherubim.

The Stage-Driver's Story.

BY FREDERICK H. DEWEY.

"WELL, gents, it ain't very thrilling nor fascinating, as book writers say, nor it ain't fiction, which kinder rubs off the gloss of it; but if you want to hear it here goes," said our burly, good-humored driver as we stopped in a stream to allow the brown geldings to drink.

"Let us hear it by all means!" was our unanimous cry.

The driver smiled, and driving up the opposite bank lighted his short pipe, and began as we bowled away toward the distant, purple-tinted hills.

"I was driving this same stage, then—number forty, though on a different division—that between Pawnee Rock and Murston's ranch. Times was lively then—free, but not easy times. What with Blackfeet, 'Raperoos, and 'roadmen,' my time was pretty much occupied, and many's the day I've lashed the leaders into a dead run to get away from them, the high-waymen particularly. I was armed then to the pockets; and in place of the single 'navy' I pack now, I carried two and an ace, which is a bowie."

"My division was twenty good miles long, mostly over a hilly country called 'the Knobs,' from the queer shape of the hills. The thick hazel brush which covered these knobs was a good skulking place for evil-doers, and I looked mighty sharp, when I was dodging among those little hills, I can tell you, as they had a bad name, on account of several men being murdered there. I had twice been attacked there, too, by Skinny Eph, a desperate robber-captain, and I always expected to meet him in them, then, says I, God have mercy on the poor little creature's life, for Eph don't care for women and children any more than men.

"It was necessary, for the sake of our lives and the express treasure and mails, that Eph should be stopped.

"Can you shoot a revolver, deary?" I asked her.

"I never did in my life," she answers, working hard to keep the horses in the road.

"Can you try?" I asked again. For you see 'twas a desperate chance.

"I don't dare to let go the reins," she said, never taking her bonny brown eyes off the leaders.

"Put 'em down on the footboard," I says, "and I'll put my foot on 'em." She did so.

"Now take a revolver from my belt."

"She did that, too, and very handy about it she was.

"Now take good aim—at his body—and fire!"

"She raised the hammer, took a short aim, shut her eyes, dodged, and fired; and the dodge she made sent the bullet singing through the air fifty feet over Eph's head.

"Ha! ha! ha!" yelled Eph, coming closer every minute. "Pull in yur horses, yur fool he bawled. "Don't yur see the gun is up!"

"Try ag'in, deary," I said. "Don't shut your eyes—the noise ain't going to hurt you."

"She raised the revolver again. "Remember and keep your eyes open," I said. She took short aim and fired, with her eyes wide open. But she dodged just before pulling the trigger—kinder afraid, as I have seen more than one man, that she was going to be blown southward. But he refused to budge a step.

"Now don't be shtumbon like a mule, rhed-skin," expostulated Billy; "just advance now like a riggit av soljers or b' the mother av Moses I'll let her rip," and he emphasized his words by pressing the revolver closer against the warrior's temple.

"The latter's only reply was a frantic effort to get his teeth on Billy's arm; but in this he also failed, and another pressure of the jugular rendered him more manageable, and convinced him that every attempt to dislodge the young leech at his back would be attended with a severe punishment. He fully comprehended the disadvantage under which he was placed. The cold muzzle of the revolver pressed against his temple, acted like a powerful electric battery upon his nerves. He dodged and quivered as though he were going into convulsions, and at length, in obedience to his "rider's" command, turned his face southward. But he refused to budge a step.

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"The latter gave his great body a kind of a convulsive jerk, then, with an effort that seemed to tear his heart-strings, he moved slowly away across the valley in the direction of Billy's friends.

"The savages that were concealed over among the rocks and shrubbery saw how matters stood and started from their cover to aid their unfortunate comrade. But the report of three rifles and the fall of one of their number forced a precipitous retreat back to shelter.

"The acclivity seemed to have driven the last spark of hope from the red-skin's breast, and as if anxious to be rid of his humiliating burden, he moved on with a quicker step.

"For God's sake, girl," I cried, "shoot, and don't dodge! Shoot, and shoot to kill him! God have mercy on you as well as me, if ever we fall into his hands."

"If I ever saw the exultation of a devil, I saw it on Skinny Eph's face as he looked at the girl, at me, at the mails and express-box, and then peered along his revolver, bearing on the off-leader.

"Just then the girl leaned across me—and how her cheeks burned and eyes shone!—and thrusting the revolver down within ten feet of Eph, took an aim as coolly as I ever saw aim took, and fired.

"Eph dropped his arm, shrieked, turned his

close by. The bullet hit the horse in the back, and yelling with pain he jumped up on the road and tore by us like the wind. That stampeded my animals, and they ran away with me before I could say Jack Robinson.

"As soon as they jerked away from my hold I said to the girl, who was scared 'most to death:

"Don't touch the lines, now!"

"I knew that women always grab the lines, and generally tip the outfit over in the ditch when the team runs away, and I knew all women were alike—at least I thought they were. But gents, this pretty little thing, though white as a sheet, just leaned away out over the side to give me elbow room—yes, by Jove! she did. How's that for nerve?"

"The fellow behind let out a big oath, and fired after us, but he shot wild, the ball going clean over us. Knowing he couldn't hit us then I pulled and tugged at the horses who were tearing after the robber's running horse. Geemin! how the old coach did bump and hammer the ground. Luckily the road was tolerably level or we'd a been in the ditch in less'n a minute. But the plucky girl kept leaning over the side, and having room for my elbows, I managed to keep pretty well in the middle of Placerville, while I went to bed, where I staid for a matter of a month or so.

"I thnk 'twas two year ago, when one winter I got sick of snow and ice, and took a trip to California and to Placerville. There I found the little gal, pretty as ever, married to the young feller she had come across to meet, the mother of a fine pair of twins, and happy as a lark. And that, gents, is the story, such as 'tis. And here we are at Winslow's (my station), and here I leave you."

face distorted with agony toward me—looked for a moment, then his eyes became glassy—reeled, groaned, and tossing his arms over his head, fell out of the saddle, dead, shot right through the heart.

"His horse dashed away, terrified, leaving Skinny Eph, so long the terror of the overland stages, dead as a door-nail in the road.

"We had now got to a long and steep grade, and the horses, jaded with their run, were glad to slacken and finally halt, quitted down. The brave little gal looked round, panted as she saw Eph's dead body behind, looked for the other robber who was not in sight, turned white and fainted dead away on my shoulder. But she soon came to, and after the horses got rested, took up the lines ag'in and drove into Pawnee Rock, a matter of ten miles or more, for I was so weak I couldn't set up. When the next driver took the lines, she bid me good-bye, gave me a kiss, and was off for Placerville, while I went to bed, where I staid for a matter of a month or so.

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Idaho Tom,

THE YOUNG OUTLAW OF SILVERLAND!

BY OLL COOMES.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BILLY TAKES TALL MAN CAPTIVE.

A YELL burst from the warrior's lips. Had he been over right smart of ground in our short stampede, and warn't more'n a hundred yards away from him, I knew I couldn't rein in the horses in that short distance; I knew he would have to get out'n the road or else get run over; and laying on the whip I gave the nags the lines, resolving to shoot by him like a rocket.

"But Skinny Eph was 'cute—he dropped on my intention, and saw that if ever I got by him, the mail, the express-box full of treasure, and what money we might happen to have about us were lost to him forever. So, you see, 'twas his interest to stop the coach, and that could only be done by shooting me. Once loose from my hold on the lines the horse would soon overturn the coach, and the hull outfit would be his to plunder.

"As I said before, Eph was dead-center on the shoot, and as I see him peeping over the sights of his rifle, I gave myself up for gone. But, kinder obstinate by natur', I determined to balk him if possible, and said to the gal:

"I shoots me—"

"So many and no more words got out of my mouth when Eph shot, and I felt a stingin pain in my arm. We had by this time got opposite him, and I was clinging to the lines with my left hand when Eph whipped out his revolver, fired again, and the lines dropped from my hands; I was shot in the left shoulder-blade.

"For a second I watched the lines slowly slipping over the dasher to the ground, and felt that all was up. "We are gone, my pretty," I said.

""No we ain't" she cried, with a little scream. The horses, knowing that they were loose, and frantic, were leaving the road and making toward the timber, where the coach would be upset in a jiffy, when the little creetur, looking never so pretty, caught the lines they were slipping to the ground, drew 'em taut, and pulling on the off line, guided the leaders into the road ag'in. How is that for nerve?"

"Can you hold 'em, my dear?" I asked her.

"I'll try," she said—"I've drove before to-day."

"Then keep 'em in the road and let 'em run!" I said. Then I looked back.

"Skinny Eph was close behind, coming at a tearing gallop and bound to overhaul us. His horse was a better animal than old stiffened stage horses, pulling a coach up a grade in to the bargain, and he was gaining mighty fast. Before long he would be up with us, then, says I, God have mercy on the poor little creature's life, for Eph don't care for women and children any more than men.

"It was necessary, for the sake of our lives and the express treasure and mails, that Eph should be stopped.

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Buffalo Bill's New Story!

Will commence immediately upon the ending of the serial now running in our columns, viz: "Deadly-Eye." This new story is wholly unlike his first. It is exceedingly novel in construction, and possessed of a personal interest that is thrilling and abiding. The readers of wild Western life romance have a great treat in store.

Sunshine Papers.

Next Morning—Facts.

EMMELINE had been out to a social gathering. Several hours had elapsed since her return. She had parted from her lover in an angry mood, had taken less sleep than usual, and the ice-cream and fruit of the previous night had disagreed with her. Emmeline, certainly, was not in the best of humors when questioned concerning the recent entertainment, which may be adduced as some excuse for her uncharitable remarks. (Be the truth told, however, though in parenthesis. Emmeline, being purely feminine, and therefore possessing naturally a *more or less* of femininity, would have been quite likely to have said the same under the most delightful circumstances.)

"Who was there?" says Emmeline, repeating a question and turning sharply around from her dressing-glass. "Why, every one that one cares nothing about, to be sure!" And she flings herself mirrorward again and gives vicious jerks to her tresses as her questioners are wrapped in silent amaze a moment by this extraordinary announcement. Emmeline had been invited to meet her dear, particular friends.

"Oh! well, if you must know, Addie Millais was there, and most abominable she did look, too, in white!" Emmeline exclaims, animatedly, and regardless of certain grammatical rules. "Think of it! white and no other color, and she as yellow as pickled salmon. Addie Millais pretty! Well, I never found it out before, and we have been intimate friends a long time now—ever since last spring! Pretty, indeed! with sallow skin, and round, black eyes like two shoe-buttons, and wears number three shoes and six gloves." Emmeline is fond of inviting comparison with her own hands and feet. "Stylish? It is quite easy to be stylish when one wears a fortune in false hair and spends all their time fixing it. For my part, I should be ashamed to waste my time as Addie does," Addie's amiable friend says, severely, and quite unwarmed of memory concerning the three hours and some odd minutes she spent in arranging last evening's toilet.

"Then Ryan Marcellus was there; the most odious fellow I know! If there is any one I hate 'tis a nice, quiet young man, with all his deceitful airs, trying to make people believe he is a saint without paint or whitewash; when I reckon, if the truth was known, he is worse than any heathen in the Cannibal Islands! I used to admire young Marcellus! You're greatly mistaken, Miss Impudence! I always hated him! He is an idiot, an ugly little beast, a conceited puppy!" Miss Emmeline remarks acidly, with utter contempt for Christian graces, honest sentiments, and ladylike language, and a recollection of the ignominious failure of all her flirtatious designs upon innocent Ryan.

And now, Emmeline's member of speech having taken to action, she sends out a most vigorous flow of language: "Halley Mason was there, too, the little fool! I never could see why people think him so witty. For my part, I consider him a great dunce; a good mate for that airy Ella Dana, who follows him everywhere. They are engaged? Well, they ought to be! No girl ever made a more dead set after a fellow than she! And Carrie Graves has made a perfect goose of herself about him; serves her right that she did not catch him, she is so crazy to wear a diamond ring. I would buy one myself, I think, if I was such a piece of vanity as she is. Thank goodness, I don't go wild over trinkets, or throw myself at young men's heads like a football! She had a horrid supper! Steak cake and cheap ice-cream, I know. And if I tried to have fruit I would have a nice assortment; but I suppose they could not afford it. I know Carrie Graves well enough. With all their make-believes they are as poor as Job's turkey! And she made me promise to spend a night with her next week, while her folks go out of town, the little wretch! I would not go, only that splendid Joe Vining is going to call on us, and we would never let me ask him here. I suppose the nasty creature will be awfully selfish, but I mean to have a show!"

And with this lucid statement Emmeline quenched her graceful compliments to her hostess in a bowl of water. She emerged quite fiercely, with—"Yes, and there was Helen Warham, with all the airs and graces imaginable, and the suit she has worn two summers. I do detest Helen! A great friend of mine indeed! She hangs around me, because they are poor and want to keep in refined society! And I can always get her to play for dancing when I invite a few friends, so I go with her; but, bah! I despise poor people! Was Jeannette Ardwell there? Yes, she was, and she looked like one of the Furies!" Emmeline announced, viciously, without particular regard for the elegancies of the English literature. "Oh! you should have seen her in her new black silk, with red bows, and a red belt with loops; I tell you she looked fierce, the horrid thing! I think I'll have navy-blue bows and belt for my black; but it must be style if Jeannette wears her ribbons so. Oh! what a horrid, proud, upstart she is! If I was ever so rich, I would not give myself such frills! You are going out! Well, if you meet Jeannette, tell her to be sure and drop around to-night, to practice a duet we were speaking of. I have struck up quite an intimacy with her. Did you say breakfast we were having a half-hour? Oh, well, I only

care for some coffee," and Emmeline marched toward the lower regions, calling from below:

"Really, with all those red ribbons, Jeannette looked like a regular guy!"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

Chat.—A correspondent who evidently relishes a joke, sends us the following:

"A Scotchman one day entering a photograph gallery, asked the operator if he could produce a portrait of an angel, and, being a good-humored rogue, the gallery-keeper said, 'What do you want with a basket on his arm, and the artist led the way to the operating room, where the Scotchman drew from his basket a lot of woman's garments, including underwear, shorts, etc. And what I want with these is to have the photograph taken.' 'Why, mon, these be the cloots o' me dead wife, an' as I have no picture frae her I brings the garments abo' worse; so gie me a gude picture, an' I dinna care what the charge is.'

The Scotchman went away in high dudgeon, with such aids, the photographer confessed his inability to produce a portrait.

One of the omnipresent family of Smiths, writing from a considerable town in Illinois, says:

"The SATURDAY JOURNAL is as indispensable an article in my family almost as flour. I read two other weeklies, but the JOURNAL is looked at first and always first read through—not only one story but one or two before the others are looked at. So mon is foot for me, while the others are like when you ain't hungry—it's mere pastime without enjoyment. The story by Buffalo Bill, 'Yellowstone Jack,' Idaho Tom, and others are so much better than the others. I like to see what they carry me back to familiar scenes. Some of the plots are laid over many a foot of the very ground I have scouted over and hunted. I could not tell it better myself. They are a treat, a feast!"

Our writers of stories of Western life are, indeed, "to the manor born." Every one of them *knows* that life from having lived in it and participated in its peculiar experiences. No paper published in America can boast of such a splendid corps of writers, in this particular field, as now are exclusively engaged upon the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

A SKETCH from Buffalo Bill's pen will be given in our next number, narrating a couple of his indoor adventures, which vividly illustrate "the dangers he has passed" as well as the service he has rendered government in his capacity of scout and guide.

A WARNING.

"Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall."

I SUPPOSE it makes no matter to you, my good woman, what becomes of those creatures who are, in your eyes, the lowest of the vile. You care not if the rabble hoot at them and women draw their skirts closer around them when they pass near them. You have all that heart can wish for. Every request of yours is gratified. You are blessed with a good home, a good husband and children, surrounded by not only the comforts but by the luxuries of the world. You have no fear that you or yours will go astray; you and they are above temptation. Your home is surrounded by a moral and religious atmosphere. Wouldn't it be a little better were you to infuse some of the real Christianity into—such Christians, for instance, as the Lord himself showed for the Magdalene. The poor, betrayed girl may have had as happy a home as yours. Think of it; she might have been your own child! You shudder! Had any one told her mother, years ago, how the girl would have turned out, she would have shuddered as you do now. We may believe that others will go wrong, but never our own. We never take the matter home to our door, and think the erring one might be one of our loved ones. We deem it no harm to scoff and sneer when others turn aside from virtue's path and follow the way of the wicked; yet, if our own had fallen by the way, we'd think it wicked if people reviled them and withdrew the hand that might have raised them up.

"We know what we are, but we know not what we may be," is a precept verified every day of our lives. Are there not those among us who have lived to see its truth? Are there not persons living who always imagined their children to be the purest of the pure, and held them up as examples for others to take pattern by, but who turned out to be arrant rogues? Do we obey the Golden Rule when we censure and condemn too harshly and severely? Is it doing unto others as we would have done unto us, when we stretch forth no hand to save? Would we wish to be kicked and cuffed about? I wouldn't; no more would you; then why treat others so? We are all pilgrims to the great eternal shrine, and by words and deeds of kindness should we encourage and help the worn, weary, tempted and fallen. Help those out of the slough who are already in it and do your utmost in keeping others from falling in.

The murderers, thieves and other criminals were once pure, and many of them had as bright a future before them as those who are now growing up around us. I can't believe that any one is born bad. It is temptation that makes so many criminals. We do not know what we might do were we tempted. A noted journalist has said, "If you were starving, you would steal a loaf of bread to appease your hunger, if you could not get the bread any other way. I would." You shrink with horror at the very thought, and yet you would do the same thing under the same circumstances. I'm not saying I don't consider it wicked to steal. But if you want to keep many from stealing, you must keep them from starving.

We don't mind how much we throw stones at the glass houses of our less fortunate fellow-beings, and we never think anything can harm our house. We feel secure, too secure. We believe our homes safe and ourselves beyond corruption. We do not stand on slippery places. We have always stood aloof from temptation, and why cannot others? Sometimes there is but a little cloud in the sky, and you think it betokens no ill, but it may increase to such a size as to bring a heavy storm. It is somewhat the case with ourselves. Sometimes the most trivial circumstance will increase until we are overwhelmed with trouble. Then we want aid and scoffs. Can we expect it when we would not give it to our neighbor who is seeing his day of trouble?

Temptation, vice and sin come in at many a door we think we have securely fastened. Strive as we will to keep them out, they break through the strongest barriers. Do let us have more charity for others, more compassion for the wrong-doer, and more sympathy with his friends upon whom he has brought disgrace. If we have wealth, we must not think that it will keep sorrow from our door.

Wealth does not confer happiness, nor will it open to us the gates of heaven; and those who think themselves all they should be, and make a boast of it, ought to remember that humility and meekness are far more worthy in the sight of Heaven than pride and ostentation, and keep in remembrance the solemn warning: "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall."

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

The Late Storms in the West.

Special Dispatches to the Weather Office of the Saturday Journal.

CINCINNATI.—It has rained like sixty for forty days. The rain don't seem to give us any of its slack yet. The higher the river gets the faster it goes down. People who have been trying all their lives to hold their heads above water have at last succumbed and gone under. The waters are now fifteen feet over people's heads, and they are waiting as patiently as they can for a fall, which will be about next fall.

Columbus.—The rain has put a damper on everything; in fact, we never saw anything damper. The rain let go and fell first about a week ago, and it hasn't caught itself yet. The canal that was left out in the rain is very wet, and some of its banks have suspended. The Scioto river is up on tiptoe and running on four feet with a velocity which makes your head swim only to look at it, and it is so high you can't see the top of it without a step-ladder. People all wearing extra stockings over their shoes to keep them out of the mud and water. We have not had the exquisite pleasure of having any dust blown into our eyes for many days, and the street-sprinkler has hid itself somewhere away out of sight in some remote cow-shed.

St. Louis.—The weather never was so wet; in fact, it is nearly drowned, and the skies pour as if they were being run through a gnat-clothes-wringer. The barometer is so low that it is not expected to recover, and the amount of water in drinks is appalling. Railroad stocks are thoroughly watered. It is one shower after another; one shower begins before the other shower has any notion of slackening up, and the sun has long been put out of countenance. Rivers all up early and bridges down. Citizens are all out in Boyton's life-preserving suits, including the flags and brandy. A very large umbrella over this State would be a desirable thing. If this city had been taken in it time it would have been a blessing. Local reporters say there hasn't been a fire for a month; nothing will burn. It is very distressing.

Pittsburgh.—The river was never so high before in its life, or at least the country was never so low. When people have to go down in diving bells to get roasting ears for dinner it is getting very boisterous, as it were. It has rained two days out of one for the last three weeks, and when a fellow floating around on a log sees the top of a steeple sticking out of water he can be pretty sure he is in the vicinity of a town. You occasionally see a ten-acre field floating down-stream.

Louisville.—Unless this rain is soon reined in we will all go out with the tide. Everything is thoroughly soaked and we look like a set of old soakers. Every one carries a long face and a short-handled umbrella, with his pants rolled up and his boots under his arm. It rains and it pours, and as there are no more cisterns to put all the water into there is a general flood and we are looking for a new Noah to rise up and save us or we will soon be Noah more. All railroad bridges have been washed out, but that doesn't make any difference on some of the roads, it seems. Farmers and all their dividing fences swept away and also all their old neighborly grudges. Everything is getting along swimmingly. Houses that never had any water in them are well swept without the aid of a plumber. It rains six quarts actual measurement to the gallon and thirty-six hours in the day. We never saw it rain harder—that is to say easier since it has got so used to it. The Ohio has raised its head, and the water has gradually come up to the top of the dam.

Indianapolis.—High water is so very plentiful around here, that it is very low, and everybody can get it cheap. Fish are drowning everywhere. Everything is about washed away, including our sins. Clouds burst like egg-shells and let the contents out, and the consequence is that all the rivers have raised ten or twenty feet off the ground. People who never washed in their lives are now all washed clean. There has been washing done in every house, and all their old neighborly grudges.

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Springfield.—The ground has just begun to crawl up out of the water. Grain crops all destroyed. Musketoes, however, will yield sixty bushels to the acre. Fish-worms, a full crop. The rain got loose and came down in barrels, though we prayed that our share might be left out. No dry people here for a long time.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

HUMOR AND SARCASM.

It is not everybody who knows where to joke, or when, or how; and whoever is ignorant of these conditions had better not joke at all. A gentleman never attempts to be humorous at the expense of people with whom he is but slightly acquainted. In fact, it is neither good manners nor wise policy to joke at anybody's expense; that is to say, to make anybody uncomfortable merely to raise a laugh. Old Asop, who was doubtless the subject of many a gibe on account of his hump-backed, tells the whole story, in his fable of "The Boys and the Frogs." What was jolly to the young ones was death to the croakers. A jest may seem deeper than a quip, but it may not be so deep as it appears. Some men are so constituted that they cannot take a friendly joke in good part, and instead of repaying it in the same light coin, will quite fit it contumely and insult. Never banter one of this class, or he will brood over your badinage long after you have forgotten it. It is not prudent to incur any one's enmity for the sake of uttering a tart repartee. Ridicule, at best, is a dangerous weapon. Satire, however, when leveled at social follies and political evils, is not only legitimate but commendable. It has shamed down more abusers than were ever abolished by force of logic.

The best trait in Barney William's character is the filial love and reverence he has for the old mother, an ancient Irish woman, who can never be Fifth-avenized, who will smoke a pipe, who will wear a peat-hog cap, who has no book-learning, and a brogue you could cut with a knife, but who has the place of honor at table and the best of house affords, who is introduced to every guest with fond affection, who can go sit and smoke her pipe on the stone steps "fornin' the dure as she pl'ases," as she says. What a fine example the play-actor sets.

Topics of the Time.

—A friend was badly bored the other day by a

"man of leisure" who drops in during business hours and absorbs much valuable time to no purpose. When he had gone our friend exclaimed: "Oh! would that the Fool-killer would do his duty!" To our mind the Fool-killer is very busy, for the number of deaths per day charged solely to him is frightful. What with encumbrances, "drunks" and "bitter," the vilest decorations sold over more than one hundred thousand counters—with "patent medicines" that benefit only the "doctor" who makes them—with gutters, reservoirs, cess-pools, and pools disseminating fever germs in a steady stream—with swamps and ponds diffusing malaria—we think the Fool-killer is doing big things to rid the world of fools.

—On the farm of Mrs. Harrison Whalley, of Moorfield, Ky., are innumerable bones of a mammoth race of human beings, forming, as says the authority, "another proof of how little is known of the races and tribes who flourished it may be centuries ago." The fact is that these bones are scattered about only a few inches below the surface of the soil seems to preclude the idea of this being a general burying ground. The indications seem to be that the scene of a gigantic battle, or a hostile raid, or a massacre in battle. If this be true, what details of valor and strength may we not anticipate to have been enacted in those days when the giant people of the country!

—As illustration of the reason that even bugs exercise in their daily life we have this story, from New Orleans, of a wasp and ground-beetle—there called, respectively, a dirt-dauber and doodlebug. With a buzz of anger on the wasp dashes into the beetle's hole-in-the-ground house, but only to get severely handled by the watchful beetle's nippers and claws, and the beetle soon comes forth, fairly dancing with pain, and rubbing his head a few times he walked backward and forth as if considering the situation. Then, after a moment of close consideration, he cautiously approached the hole and began to scratch dust into it. Occasionally he peeped to see the progress of his strategy. Thus the hole was slowly filled, and the bug, compelled to keep on the dust or the snout, was gradually brought near the surface. At length the bug appeared, his head in sight, and the wasp quickly pounced upon it, killed it, and devoured it.

—Young AMERICA. Beadle's "Dime Doctor and Chairman's Guide" is the book you need. It not only tells you how to preside over your club but gives rules, by-laws, etc., for the formation of the club.

—BUFFALO BILL'S CO. has no means of knowing the address of the doctor referred to in his

FATE.

BY FRANK DAVES.

Who is that I see approaching
With such wonder, such aid and strength?
One in silence. But at length
Some one speaketh: "That is Minim,
Wandering on earth a spell,
And he hath a devil in him,
And a curse in his voice.
But a shade is coming on him,
But his heart is sick and faint.
Ah! the fate has come upon him,
Common to us, thief and saint.

Who is that in yonder shady,
Beautious bower, weaving wreathes?
Ah! that is a Saxon lady.
Fairer woman never breathes.
Such a charm the roses lend her,
Such a grace the lily gives her.
Such a storm of raven splendor
Is her hair that shines sith.
But a shade is coming on her,
But her heart is sick and faint;
And the fate has come upon her,
Common to us, thief and saint.

Who is that among the flowers,
Star-eyed, angel-like, and small?
Came winged, deceiving all.
Ah! that is an embryo woman.
Six years old she is, and she
Is so fair she seems not human.
But a shade is coming on her,
But her heart is sick and faint;
And the fate has come upon her,
Common to us, thief and saint.

gun a set of mats for his room. Abby West was preparing to give up her own apartment to him, and all the matrons with marriageable daughters were very much surprised, and quite free with their comments.

"I suppose Betty Porter will be setting her cap for Mr. Eldridge now," remarked Semantha Mills to Ellen Lockman, Betty's intimate friend.

Ellen gave Semantha a flash from her black eyes, and answered, "No, she leaves that for those who are too homely to attract anybody without trying."

Abby West made a spiteful fling at Betty, too, but Ellen had too much good sense to worry her friend by repeating them, so pretty Betty pursued her quiet way unconscious that she was the object of everybody's jealousy.

Miss Prudence perceived the discord, but she only gave a grim smile, and said not a word.

As for Betty, she was very shy of the young minister for the first few weeks, never speaking to him when she could avoid it. But there was a little cabinet organ in Miss Prudence's parlor, and Betty played very nicely. So Mr. Eldridge, being a great lover of music, began to drop into the parlor evenings to listen to her, and gradually they fell into a quiet friendship.

So quiet, however, that even Miss Semantha's eye failed to make any discoveries in her frequent calls. She was always calling to present some offering of her own fingers. And not only she, but a host of the other feminine members, with slippers, or handkerchiefs, or cuffs, or collars, or pincushions, or something, "just as if," Miss Prudy indignantly ejaculated, "the man had nothing in the world, nor sense enough to get anything."

At last it rained one Sunday evening, and Mr. Eldridge took Betty Porter home under his umbrella.

And the next morning the commotion broke out! Early to Miss Petticord's came Miss Semantha, armed with her usual offering, a pair of slippers this time. And as Mr. Eldridge was not at home, she left them to Miss Prudence to deliver, and betook herself to Betty's parlor.

Betty was practicing a new song, "The Little Brown Church in the Vale."

"A new music! Where did you get it?" questioned Miss Semantha.

"Mr. Eldridge gave it to me," answered Betty, meekly.

"Ah, did he? I hear he walked home with you last night," pursued Miss Semantha.

"It was raining, you know, and we live at the same place," explained Betty.

And Miss Prudence, coming in, sat down grimly and said nothing.

"Yes, that accounts for it" admitted Miss Semantha. "I hope, Betty, as you are young and inexperienced, you won't allow yourself to be led away by any polite attentions Mr. Eldridge may show you. The church do think that it would be much better for our minister if he wasn't in company fix! Come right in, Bettie, open the parlor door."

"No, no!" objected the young minister as he shook hands, "let me sit down out here, it is so pleasant, and I shall not feel as if I was disturbing you."

"Hand a chair, then, Bettie, if Brother Eldridge will sit out here. 'Tis cooler, that's a fact. But then we don't suffer much from heat out here, no time."

"I can believe that," said the young parson, with a smile, and a bow to Bettie as he took the chair she offered. "And that is one reason, because you always look so cool and cosy out here, that I came this morning, Miss Petticord. I wonder if you could guess my errand."

"Land o' massy!" exclaimed Miss Prudy, with a start which almost upset her pan of peas, "if 'tain't the new parson! Come in, Brother Eldridge, we're glad to have you call if we hain't in company fix! Come right in, Bettie, open the parlor door."

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ther officer stationed in the same fort with him.

"Dishonoring her, for he cared not for the young girl, his crime was found out, and the almost heart-broken father sought revenge for the disgrace upon his child, and was slain in a duel at the hands of the man who had already brought untold sorrow upon him.

"Dismissed from the service, Ricardo Carleton then leagued himself with robbers, roaming over the western and south-western plains for years, until at length he became the leader of the Branded Brotherhood. Have I truly told your life, Ricardo?"

"You know all," sadly replied the chief, and then he continued: "What became of my brother, and his child, for it was stolen from the person I left it with?"

"After several years your almost broken-hearted brother married a young girl who had nursed him through the long illness that followed his discovery of the death of his wife; and, convinced in his own mind that you had done the foul deed, though he would not betray you, he took the maiden name of his wife, which was that of Carter, and moved still further into the western wilds, until a few years ago he settled not very far from here; and Alfred Carter, the man whom you slew, whose second wife you murdered, whose son fell by your hand, and whose daughter you carried in captivity to your stronghold, intending to make her your victim, was your brother, your own kindred."

"Oh! God! what a judgment has overtaken me!"

"I rescued Rose Carter from your power, and I have brought upon you your ruin."

"Who are you, fiend of Satan, who are you?" almost shrieked the chief.

"I will tell you. You carried me, for I was the little son of your brother, to one whom you deemed your friend. At that time the man was your very slave, but, in a fit of anger, you one day struck him, and kicked from your path his little child, and he hated you, for that kick proved fatal. From that day I was trained up to know and hate you too, until my kind benefactor and his wife, for they were kind, notwithstanding the evil lives they led as your agents for the sale of stolen goods, moved to the East, to live on the money they had accumulated.

"In an eastern State I lived until my eighteenth year, receiving the best education that money could bestow, and then my adopted parents lost their lives in a collision upon a railroad, and I was left alone, with a few thousand dollars they still had left.

"From papers in the possession of your enemy, I found out all I would know, and westward I came, and devoted my life to becoming a thorough scoundrel and plainman, and that I succeeded you can well judge.

"Determined to track you to the bitter end, and slay you for the murder of my mother, I followed you across the prairies by day and night, to, in the end, find that you had become the slayer of my father, my stepmother and brother, and had dragged my half-sister to your den to bring dishonor upon her.

"Nay, Ricardo Carleton, I have more to say, for I would have you know that the young girl whom you brought ruin upon, and whose father you slew, went forth in the world with her babe, and ere many years became the wife of a horrid brute—one whom this night I sent to his long account, and who once before I marked, when years ago he attacked me for interfering when he was beating that poor, lonely woman.

"He had settled himself not far from Kansas City, and one night I stopped at his cabin, and then it was, in a fit of anger, he struck the woman whose life you had wrecked.

"Infuriated with my interference, he, the next day, killed the sorrowing woman, and fled to those wilds, to soon become known as a desperado and renegade from his people, the leader of a band of thieving, murdering Dog Soldier Sioux.

"The son, whose life you dishonored, was cast upon the world, and living at one time among the Indians, at another in the cities, earning at all times a precarious living, he grew to manhood, a fit heir to his father's crimes, for only this night, from your negro servant, who from boyhood to manhood has followed you, and participated in many of your evil deeds, did I find out really who that son was, although a suspicion of the truth has of late dashed over me; and now hear me, Ricardo Carleton. As I tracked you to death so will I hunt down your son, for he has committed against one whom I love a deadly sin, one who took care of me when wounded and sick I laid for weeks in an Indian wigwam."

Without another word the Scout arose and walked away from the camp-fire, and only the groans of the chief broke the silence; but, whether most from pain of body or mind none knew, for he never spoke again, and with his head supported in the arms of the negro Buttermilk, who had so faithfully followed his master's evil fortunes, his breath grew shorter and more labored, until, with a curse half-uttered upon his lips, Ricardo, the chief of the Branded Brotherhood, was dead.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 287.)

THOUGHTS FOR SATURDAY NIGHT.—It is but one step from companionship to slavery, when one associates with vice.

Active natures are rarely melancholy. Activity and melancholy are incompatible.

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

Toil, feel, think, hope. A man is sure to dream enough before he dies, without making arrangements for the purpose.

Whatever rouses the moral nature, whether it be danger or suffering, or the approach of death, banishes uneasiness in a moment.

The night of earthly promotion and glory lifts us up no whit nearer heaven. It is easier to step there from the lowly vale of illumination and sorrow.

"Mary," said a preacher, addressing a colored convert, "is not the love of God wonderful?" She replied: "I do not think it is so wonderful, because it is just like him."

Grace is glory militant and glory is grace triumphant; grace is glory begun, glory is grace made perfect; grace is the first degree of glory, glory is the highest degree of grace.

Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; the one proceeds from liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.

True science, which is the knowledge of facts, and true philosophy, which is the knowledge of principles, are always allied to true religion, which is the harmony of the soul with facts and principles.

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend. Seeds thus sown by the wayside often bring forth abundant harvest.

OLIO.

BY HAP HAZARD.

How fell of noble must they be
Who fit see light in Italy!
A younger son of royalty
Has traveled far, by land and sea,
To lay his sweet gratuity
Down at the feet of you and me,
And planted since we
In those soft fields of melody
That issue from the box that he,
Upon his back, so jauntily,
From house to house, o'er hill and lea,
Doubtless the box, the grand and wise
May feast their souls in ecstasy
On dulcet sounds (in any key)
Of strange, celestial harmony!
And this—ah! this, as air, is free!
The simple privilege craves he—
With a smile, a nod, a bow,
To plume his fancy's wings and flee
Up in the blue immensity!

Alas, son of old royalty,
If I was sure that now you see,
For thy sweet strains, right cordially
I'd like to shun a stone at thee!

The starting tear, oh! why compare
To diamond or to pearl?
Tis brighter far—tis purer far—
Than tawdry gems, sweet girl!
The small, dear, were nearer true,
Were 't likened to a drop of dew!

Love in a Maze:

THE DEBUTANTE'S DISENCHANTMENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET,
AUTHOR OF "ALIDA BARRETT, THE SEWING
GIRL," "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

STRANGE CONFESSION.

DILIGENT inquiry convinced both the lawyers that the claims advanced by Richard Lumley were but too well founded. They were waited on by his attorneys, Seth Blake & Co., with unquestionable proofs of his identity, and of his relationship to the deceased. Letters in her handwriting were produced. The history of Claude Hamilton was also proven: that he was only the adopted son of Mrs. Hamilton, and therefore of no kin to Mrs. Stanley. The law allowed him none of her property unless it were bequeathed to him; and no will was forthcoming. The one drawn up by Sherman they were obliged to believe consumed with the rest of Mr. Hall's papers at the time of the fire. That which Mr. Reynolds had prepared, and had seen executed, Mrs. Stanley must have destroyed with her own hands, after reflection.

The lawyer obeyed her strict injunction not to disclose its provisions; he only said it was not in her nephew's favor, and might have done him little good. No doubt she had destroyed it for his sake, and wished it forgotten.

Hamilton felt the blow severely; for he had loved his aunt, and believed himself the first object in her affections. To find that he had no claim of kindred blood, and that the latest will had in fact disinherited him, after her many assurances that he should be her heir, sorely wrung his heart. He had depended on her promises, and had taken no care of his future. Now he must gird on his armor to fight the battle of life. He subdued all useless regrets, in the endeavor to do it manfully.

Richard Lumley, meanwhile, had taken possession of the house. His lawyers had not yet settled the preliminaries to his taking out letters of administration. But there was no one to dispute his rights. He established himself in the best bedchamber: that in which his sister had died; and filled the rooms he occupied with the odors of tobacco and bad whisky. His low associates came every evening to eat and play at cards with him; and coarse guffaws of laughter, and drunken yells, were heard instead of the music that had once awoken the echoes. The servants were disgusted, and, one and all, resolute to leave the house; but Sherman requested them to stay till matters were decided.

One morning the lawyer was seated in the private room, in the rear of his office, when one of his clerks informed him a lady requested an interview.

"A lady?"

"Yes, sir; a young lady; at least I judge so from her figure and voice. She came in a carriage, with a coachman in livery."

"You may show her in here," said Sherman—who happened to be at leisure.

A tall, slight figure, closely veiled, entered, and took the seat placed for her accommodation. There was silence for a moment.

The lawyer began, politely, to inquire her business, by asking what he could do for her. She threw back her veil and loosened the cloak that covered her black dress.

"Miss Weston! is it possible? I am happy to see you! I have been really anxious about you!"

He took both her hands, and looked into her wan, sad face.

"You have been ill!" he exclaimed. "I heard that you had gone to stay with a friend; but I had not heard of your illness."

"Mr. Sherman, I am the guilty one! I destroyed Mrs. Stanley's will!"

It was the lawyer's turn to start up.

"Bless my soul! What is it you are saying?"

"I burned the will!"

"Mrs. Stanley made me promise, before her death, to burn some California letters in a secret drawer of her cabinet. She gave me full directions, and put the keys in my hand. I promised her to destroy them before any one else could see them; I did it the night before the funeral."

"And you found her will, and burned it by mistake with the other papers! It was a terrible pity!"

"There was no mistake! The will was burnt first!"

"Do you mean to say you found the will, and deliberately destroyed it?"

"I did! I found first a letter addressed to myself, explaining her reasons for such a will. Then I looked for the will; I took it out of the drawer; I read it through!"

"You read it?"

"I read it carefully. It was the latest will. Mrs. Stanley had left everything to me; to me, except an annuity to Mr. Hamilton of five hundred dollars."

"Left everything to you?" repeated the astounded lawyer.

"Everything! She gave her reasons in the letter she had written to me."

"And then you—"

"The will was exactly as she had said it would be in her letter. I did not want her property; I would not receive it. I thought—I was sure—for I had heard, you say—that Mr. Hamilton would inherit all if there were no will. I ran to the fire and threw the paper on it; I saw it burn to ashes!"

Mr. Sherman took to his habit in perplexity, of pacing the room.

"Then, as you know, I heard what that rough man said—that Mr. Hamilton was not the nephew—that he would inherit nothing! I ruined him! meaning to do him service! I deprived him even of the small annuity left to him! I want no pardon, sir, nor excuse, nor indulgence for what I did. I only want to know if I can do anything—even to the sacrifice of my life—to repair that cruel wrong!"

She wrung her hands pitifully. Her eyes were fixed imploringly on her auditor.

"Bless my soul! I don't know—Stay! have you the letter of Mrs. Stanley—the letter addressed to yourself?"

"No; I burned that letter first of all."

The lawyer suppressed the imprecation that rose to his lips.

"But—but you read the will? You remember its content?"

"There was a bequest of five hundred dollars to her nephew—Claude Hamilton."

"Are you sure she called him her nephew?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Any other small bequests?"

"None that I recollect. The rest of her property was bequeathed to me."

"With what purpose, or conditions?"

"None were named; none whatever."

"Stay; what were the reasons she gave you privately in her letter?"

Olive looked down, and a flush rose to her face.

"I would rather not say, sir, what was in that letter."

Sherman stopped short, facing her.

"Who were the witnesses to that will?"

"I did not notice, sir. It had been witnessed, and was under seal."

"Who was appointed executor?"

"I did not observe."

"Do you know the name of the lawyer who drew it up?"

"I do not, sir. I never knew."

The lawyer fixed his eyes sternly on the young lady's face.

"You will pardon me, Miss Weston, if I cannot credit so improbable a tale. You are not candal with me."

"How so, sir? I have spoken the simple truth; alas, to my shame and sorrow!"

"You refuse to reveal the contents of Mrs. Stanley's letter to yourself?"

"It was a private letter, meant for my eyes only. Am I bound to tell what it contained?"

"Certainly you are; if it were lit up on the testator's intentions."

"Then you shall know all, sir. Mrs. Stanley had wished that I should marry her nephew. She said in the letter that there was no obstacle except my pride; that I would not marry one so much wealthier than myself. She was determined to remove that difficulty by making me rich."

"I cannot credit this statement," he said, after a pause. "Do you know, Miss Weston, that in destroying a will, you have been guilty of a criminal act, have placed yourself in a position of danger?"

Olive's looks were avert enough. Again she sunk into the chair, and hid her face in her spread hands.

"If you really burned a will, I believe it to have been that drawn out by myself, which was entirely in Mr. Hamilton's favor."

Olive lifted up her face.

"What motive could I have had in destroying a will made in his favor?"

"That I cannot tell. But what you tell me of Mrs. Stanley's letter is too absurd; it is utterly incredible."

"Then, sir, you believe me capable of having committed a crime to the injury of another, without any motive?"

"You say you wished to make Mr. Hamilton the heir. It was in your power to have recovered his inheritance."

"But he would not have accepted it, as a gift from me."

"Perhaps not. It is a pity, however, you did not give him the chance. You have muddled matters terribly as it is; and it is my impression that you destroyed the will that would have made him the master of all, according to Mrs. Stanley's intention."

Pale as death, but with the fire of indignation in her eyes, Olive rose, and drew the cloak around her shoulders. As she moved toward the door, she turned for a last word with the lawyer.

"I have not deserved your cruel aspersions, sir," she said. "I have told you the simple truth. My rash act was for the good of Mr. Hamilton, and that I have injured him is my bitter punishment; but bitter, you can never know! I came to ask you if there were means of reparation. I am willing to go to prison, if that will undo the mischief. There is my address," laying down a card. "If necessary, I will go into a court of justice, and swear to the truth of what I have said, and suffer the punishment."

She passed from the room, after lingering a moment for Mr. Sherman's reply. But he only bowed coldly in farewell. As the door closed behind her he resumed his walk through the room, plunged in a profound fit of musings.

An hour later young Hamilton came in. Orders had been given for his admission whenever he might come. He looked cheerful, notwithstanding the dark prospect.

Sherman told him what had passed and his own grave doubts.

The young man started up in astonishment.

He put down at once all question of the perfect truthfulness of the young lady. He described the scene at the bedside of his benefactress, when she had so strongly manifested her desire for a union between them.

"It was just like my dear aunt," he cried.

"To resort to that romantic method of bringing us together. And it was like Miss Weston's chivalrous delicacy to destroy a will that put her in possession of my rights."

"Then you entirely believe Miss Weston's statement?" asked the lawyer.

"I would pledge my life on her truth in anything she might say."

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again. You have just three-quarters of an hour."

Mrs. Marsh went into her own room and came out arrayed in corn-colored moiré antique, trimmed profusely with black lace. She wore no ornament in her hair, whose wavy abundance framed her dark, beautiful face like a picture. Smiles were on her countenance, though only a few minutes before she had been weeping bitterly.

Olive had made no change in her dress beyond a fresh collar and cuffs. Her light brown hair, with its ruddy tint, rippled on either side her well-shaped head, and escaped in loose curls behind the ears and in clustering rings over the temples. Its massive coil at the back of the head was confined by a slender jet comb, and had not even a ribbon by way of adornment. Both, in their different styles of loveliness, looked best "when dressed with simplicity."

The dinner passed quietly, with only one guest; but several came in after it was over; among them were Mr. and Mrs. St. Clare. Olive was surprised to find how much her spirits rose from the weight that had depressed them so long. She played and sang and listened to music with real enjoyment; and the old days seemed to return, with oblivion of the wretchedness that had so crushed her, and caused her to feel that life was at an end for her; and the grave would be a welcome refuge.

The guests departed early, and Mrs. Marsh attended Olive to her room, dismissing the maid, who waited to tender any service.

"I have made an engagement for you," she said, drawing their cushioned easy-chairs near the grate, in which a few coals were dying out. "For to-morrow evening."

"Yes, Olive. You have too long shunned society. It is time you appeared again in the circles you always adorned."

"You forgot, Ruhama," returned the girl, glancing at the mourning-dress she was unfastening to remove it.

"No—I do not forget. That will not interfere with the engagement. It is only to Emily's house; a musical reunion of select friends. You need not make objections; you, going it decided upon, beyond remonstrance."

"I am sure you will excuse me, Ruhama."

"No—I will not. I have set my heart upon it. It will do you good; need to be drawn out of your brooding over sorrow. I never saw such an improvement as this evening over this morning in you, Olive."

"Ah, I was so wretched this morning!"

"True; you had a terrible ordeal to pass. But it is happily over; you have atoned for what you call your rashness, and have shown the dignity and worth of your character. You may be a lion in society if you choose, my dear."

"Ruhama?" exclaimed the girl, reproachfully.

"There—don't be angry; I don't mean that you will be; you are too proud and reserved. But I will not have you suffering your talents to run to waste, and your heart to be worn out by nursing woe that you might struggle against, and overcome, and put away from you. While you were engaged in the discharge of duties, I did not interfere; he cannot go to him or write to him. He cannot withstand your pleadings."

"I do not think he would, were he convinced of my love."

"Make him sure of that. He is doubtful of his own merits. Numbering twice your years, he cannot fancy that you prefer him to the young and the light-hearted. You say he is only jealous of one of us."

"Of Wyndham only, as far as I know. But his jealousy might break out toward any one else."

"Then avoid Wyndham. Do you know I once fancied he was in love with you?"

"The lightest kind of a flirtation was between us for a few weeks. He never had a thought of addressing me. He was nearer being a suitor of yours, Olive."

"He was never that, I am sure."

"No, you kept every one at such a distance. Of late, whatever heart Mr. Blount has to play in a different direction; so Emily thinks."

"Indeed?"

"After that wild little girl, your pupil formerly."

"Elodie Sterne?"

"You heard of her running away, to go on the stage?"

"Yes; and I was grieved to hear it, too!"

"Wyndham made every effort to find her, and persuade her to return to his guardianship. He discovered her at last, in a young *debutante* at the opera, under an Italian name. She had been engaged in some one's place, to appear in a part beyond her powers; but the manager trusted that her youth and beauty would make amends for all deficiencies. Mr. Blount was at the opera that evening, and saw her. He found out from the manager where she was living, and went the next day to see her. But she was gone."

"Gone?"

"She and the people with her had left their lodgings, and the city, no doubt. The manager had decided not to let her sing again in that part. She was too much in need of cultivation for such advancement, as he became sensible when the newspaper critics condemned her."

"And she had vanished, you say?"

"Utterly and completely. Her guardian thinks she was taken to Europe."

"With whom?"

"She was in charge of an English woman, a concert singer of no artistic repute, who went by the name of Madame Leona. Elodie's uncle, Bennett Rashiagh, was their traveling agent."

"Then she was with her uncle?"

"Her aunt's husband; but a man not fit to have the care of her. All he cared about was making money out of the poor child's talents."

"Mr. Blount has not pursued her to Europe?"

"No; he knew it would be useless, if she had determined upon a professional career. And Emily was so opposed to further search. The girl had been ungrateful and treacherous, she said, and she never wished to see her again. Herbert thinks she will be brought to a sense of her own deficiencies by hearing the best music abroad, sooner than by anything else. But it has been a severe blow to Wyndham. I think he would have married the girl."

"Let us hope he may find her, and penitent for the trouble she gave him."

"It is so. But, to return to myself. I have accepted Emily's invitation, Olive, for you and myself—sure of us doing both good. I am longing for some really fine music, and you are starving for it, too. The society of a few chosen friends draws me out of my dismal thoughts. You will go with me to-morrow evening?"

"It is but a small party?"

"A score or so, I suppose; Emily's acquaintances most devoted to music. Your dress will do well enough; and I shall wear my plainest. Be a good girl, Olive! I am so miserable, you might help me to recover my serenity."

"That will be a reason quite sufficient, were there no other, Ruhama. But I shall enjoy the music, too. As you say, I have starved for some time, many months."

"The two friends embraced with a hearty good-night; and both rested the better for the interchange of sympathy and mutual resolutions to aid each other.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 281.)

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"Never. All my flirtations, you know, were on the surface, and never touched the heart of either party. These harmless pleasantries I gave up when I married."

"That was your duty, Ruhama."

"When the General first confessed his failing, I vowed he should have no cause for its outbreak. I have kept my word."

"It was such a trifle, too, that aroused his anger."

"Was it not? Nothing to justify his using

bitter language, and reproaching me in a manner I thought I should never be able to forgive!"

"But you told him—"

"I would not condescend to a denial of such a frivolous accusation. I told him I hated him—and just then I did! I did!"

The impulsive woman burst into a passion of sobs and tears.

When Olive had soothed her to calmness, she went on recalling the scene:

"He said he would take me home, and then leave me—that very night."

"Not forever! He will not stay away!"

"How can I tell? He is so resolute—so proud! Olive, I can hardly think he ever loved me!"

"Nay, you cannot know the force of love in such a heart. The long garnered affections of a life were lavished on you."

"And if I have thrown them away in a moment's petulance?"

"No fear of that, Ruhama. He will come back to you."

"If I had only pleaded my own cause! I could have made him ashamed of his unworthy suspicions."

"Perhaps not then. Jealousy is a kind of madness. But you might write to him, dear."

"I will, as soon as I know where he is. He has cut off all communication between us. He—who seemed to live but in the sight of his wife!"

"Then be sure—be very sure—he is not far from you!"

"I thought so at first. I thought he might have means of finding out everything; might even play the spy on me. And so I have shut myself up in this house, and refused all invitations; receiving very few visitors, and those ladies—my intimate friends."

"Dear Ruhama! It has been a cruel trial."

"I was miserable, till you came to me. Olive, I found my own peace of mind returning while I sympathized with you."

A gentle caress was the girl's response.

"I have tried to keep up my spirits, and succeeded tolerably well; though at times my heart seemed like to break."

"Shall I tell you, dear, what is my advice?"

"Do, if you please."

"Continue to live in seclusion. Avoid society of persons who would give you injurious sympathy and counsel; who would involve you in fresh difficulties. Find out—as you will before long—where your husband is; and either go to him or write to him. He cannot withstand your pleadings."

"I do not think he would, were he convinced of my love."

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"Was it not? Nothing to justify his using

A PERSIAN LOVE SONG.

Ah! sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles
Drift down a motionless sea, beyond
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And others whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love—
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is life to those who, pilgrim wise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Oh, not them who shall angels pray;
They stand in everlasting light;
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And nestled in his heart by night.

—
Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL.

THE PROFESSIONAL ARENA.

THE close of August finds the same three clubs in the van as the month of July did, but since the latter month the Athletics have succeeded in gaining a closer position to the leading nine than before, and the closing contest for the pennant now bids fair to be very exciting. Up to August 31st the record showed the Bostons to be in the van with 41 victories to their credit, and with but 6 defeats charged to them; while the Athletics stand credited with 38 victories and charged with 11 defeats; the Hartford are third on the list with 31 victories and no less than 18 defeats. The inability of the Red Stockings of St. Louis, to play their quota of six out of ten games with every other club before October 31st, has resulted in the throwing out of the record all the games they have played. It may be too that the New Havens will have to follow suit, and possibly the Atlantics, though the latter have fewer quotas to play than the New Havens, and doubtless will finish their six games with every other club. The full record to August 31st inclusive, is as follows, leaving out the games of the Red Stockings, of St. Louis:

CLUBS.	Boston	Athletic	Hartford	St. Louis	Philadelphia	Mutual	Chicago	New Haven	Atlanta	Game score

<tbl_r cells="11" ix="1" maxcspan

THE SAILOR'S DITTY.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

She is indeed the snuggest craft
With which I've ever spoken;
She is the fairest that one sees,
Shiver my timbers oaken!

I'd like to win her for my mate;
And I've an awful notion
To ask to consort her across
Life's boundless heaving ocean.

To think upon her I am taunt,
And so my heart is spurred on—
My heart a west wind of the class,
Nine hundred tonnage burden.

To her I am serenely bound,
And if I've got my bearing,
I'm in the latitude of love,
And find it rather wearin'.

She is the star I observe—
By which my course I'm steering;
The light-house of the shores of home
To which I'm fastly nearing.

Ain't she a pretty figure-head
To ornament a liner?
Tangle my ropes. I don't believe
You'll ever find a finer!

I harbor all good thoughts for her,
And I have got a cargo;
And all consigned to her, unless
They'll start an embargo!

My heart goes throbbing like a buoy
Upon the billow's summit;
To know her truth I could not sound
By any line or plummet.

My love shall compass her about,
But ah, if she'd go veering,
My life would then be badly shorn,
And not be worth the sheerin'.

Or what, since I am but a tar,
If she'd be two-a-tar!

Deep in the wave I'd dig my grave,
And die at last a martyr.

But I am right in reckoning
She's firm in any weather,
We'll sell the ship and buy a farm,
And land ho! both together.

LEAVES
From an Actor's Life;
OR,
Recollections of Plays and Players.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN.

XIV.—The Spout Shop—The Way Actors are Made—The Old Loft—The Society—Putnam, Diamond, Danforth, Lampes and Stanton—My First Story—The Monthly Rose—How the Heroines were Played—The Carpet Warehouse—My First Appearance as Regular Actor—Howard and the Foxes—Cleveland Hall, Providence, R. I.

My childish experience produced a natural result. I became desirous, as I grew older, of adopting the theatrical profession, and this feeling increased upon me as I grew older and larger.

I found among my boyish associates a number who were similarly inclined, and we formed a society, as it was then called, being the same as the amateur clubs of the present day.

We hired an old loft at the junction of Charlestown and Medford streets, fitted it up with a stage and scenery, which was a combination of wall-paper and daubed cotton cloth ingeniously arranged, and borrowed all the spare wooden chairs we could obtain from our different households to accommodate the audience.

That audience consisted of the families and friends of the different members of the company, and after the first play was finished a hat was passed around among the audience to take up a collection to defray the expenses of this amusement, in the shape of rent, candles, etc.; and these collections were always sufficient for the purpose.

We called our theater the "Spout Shop," and here we indulged our histrionic tastes to our hearts' content.

Being considered the most experienced, though not the oldest, of the party, I was chosen manager. My corps *dramatique*—that was the way they phrased it in those days—consisted of William Putnam, Edward Danforth, Henry Lampes, William Stanton and William Diamond.

I give these names as every one of them afterward became an actor, and those who live, with the exception of Putnam, who is now engaged in sailmaking in Boston, or was when I last heard from him, are still "upon the boards." Danforth and Diamond are dead; both died young.

Diamond played George Shelby in my drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at the National Theater, during a portion of its great "run" of three hundred nights there.

Danforth was my particular friend; "I loved him like a brother." He was the "paste-boy" in the Boston Transcript office, that would be called mailing-clerk now, I suppose; it was his business to inclose in wrappers and address the papers sent to subscribers out of the city.

I made him an actor and he made me an author, for it was at his request that I wrote my first story. It came about in this way. His brother Henry was a printer in the Transcript office, one of the journeymen, and he and the other compositors started a little paper called the *Monthly Rose*. Edward Danforth contributed a poem—he had quite a degree of poetical talent, and I furnished a short tale, which I called "Squaw's Rock," for the first number.

Our productions were received with such favor that we continued to write for the *Monthly Rose* while it bloomed, and after it terminated its brief existence we tried our pens on the established weeklies, such as the *Uncle Sam*, *Yankee Blade*, *Flag of the Union*, *True Flag*, and the like, with success. Thus I became a contributor for the weekly press, and it is needful for me to state, I am still at it.

William Putnam was our tragedian, and his favorite character was "William Tell, the hero of Switzerland." I was the low comedian of the company, and I developed into a tragedian, according to an invariable rule in dramatics. Lampes and Stanton were the personators of the female characters, for we were obliged to do as they did in Shakspeare's time, and have our heroines represented by boys; and our boys were exceedingly skillful in their "make up," our strange visitors always insisting that they must be girls.

Our "Spout Shop" was kept up, though we changed its location to Haverhill street, for two winters, and then I drifted into the real theater, quite accidentally.

I was nearly seventeen years of age; I had left school before I was fourteen, and was employed in Geo. A. Brewer's carpet warehouse in Court street, where I had been for three years, and the smell of the painted carpets, in which we did a large business, appeared to affect my health.

My cousin, Caroline Fox, had married G. C. Howard, the since famous manager, and he had turned Cleveland Hall, in the city of Providence, R. I., into a theater, and had met with a most liberal patronage. I resigned my situation in the carpet warehouse, and accepted an invitation from him to visit him in Providence, with the understanding that I could act a little if I felt like it.

I went, remaining there some six weeks, until the end of the season, in fact, and acted all the time. This visit made me an actor. Here my career commenced. I made my first appearance in June—I have forgotten the exact date—1849, as "Ferdinand," in "Six Degrees of Crime," and I followed the profession I then adopted, with very little intermission, until 1871. In these twenty-two years I appeared in almost every city in the Union that has a theater, and in a great many that have not, playing sometimes in the dining-rooms of hotels, and the vestries of churches, and I wrote and had acted over seventy dramatic productions. Thus you will perceive that my life has not been an idle one.

The Company at the Cleveland Hall Theater was quite a family affair. It was called "Howard and the Foxes." The two Fox brothers with their sister Caroline, under the management of their mother, a woman of great energy and business tact, had, after their father's death, formed a profitable circuit of the small cities in the New England States, visiting them at stated periods, with an entertainment of singing, dancing (Caroline was an excellent dancer), and humorous dialogues, calling themselves the "Little Foxes." G. C. Howard married Caroline and joined them, and then the name was changed to "Howard and the Foxes." This name was retained even when they became a regular theater company in Providence.

When I joined the forces there, the company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Howard, George, James and Charles Fox, Octavian Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Stone, Benson, and several others—"utility men"—whose names I cannot now call to mind.

I remember one that we always called "Bill Sticker," and I thought it was his right name, until one day he informed me in confidence that it was not.

"I stuck up the bills, don't you see?" he explained. "I'm the bill-sticker, and they never call me anything else."

It was very simple, but I never knew him to get anybody to call him by any other name than the one which had been so aptly applied to him.

At the time that I became a member of the company, an uncle of mine—the one whom I was named after—Geo. H. Wrasse, brought a new play to Providence for production. The Mexican war was still fresh in the minds of the public, and it was a fruitful theme for novelists and dramatists.

This drama was entitled "The Battle of Buena Vista," and it was written by J. P. Adams, a dramatist of considerable merit, and a Yankee comedian, who walked zealously in the foot-prints of Dan Marble and Yankee Hill.

This new play was calculated to finish the season with *ecclat*, as the near approach of the Fourth of July would naturally excite patriotic feelings in every American breast.

It was duly rehearsed and carefully prepared, and then the public were invited to witness it. I shall have to reserve my account of its production until the next paper.

A Culinary Wife.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

Mr. ALEMBER removed his hat very gallantly, and bowed and smiled as the little chocolate-lined phæton and its two cream-white ponies went flashing by the hotel piazza; then he turned to Gus Rusling with a half-sneer on his face.

"Well—what do you think of her? Pretty, isn't she, and undeniably stylish?"

Mr. Rusling's handsome eyes very plainly indicated his eager admiration.

"Pretty! you're the luckiest man in Christendom if you are the betrothed husband of such a little divinity. What's her name, Alember?"

Mr. Alember deliberately lighted his cigar before he answered.

"Don't be premature in your congratulations, Gus. Granted that Miss Weyburn is the little divinity you think her, I am not sure I shall ever aspire to the honor of her betrothed husband."

There was an air of such conscious dignity and importance in the gentleman's manner that Gus smiled amusedly.

"Upon my word, Alember, one would think you had forgotten you had turned forty, to hear you talk so. Perhaps your mature attractions have failed to charm Miss Weyburn! I cannot conceive any other reason why you have turned forty, I regard myself a very suitable *parti* for Miss Weyburn or—any other lady I should know."

His calm, severe dignity was irresistibly amusing, but Rusling smothered the laugh he felt was coming.

"I'll admit it all, old fellow—only do tell me the mental reservation you entertain regarding this peerless young goddess with her classic face and exclusive air!"

Mr. Alember gazed serenely out upon the gently-breaking surf, taking long, delicious inhalations of his cigar; then he leaned back in his chair, prepared to answer the solemn question, while young Rusling—handsome, attentive, semi-sarcastic, awaited the oracle.

"It is just here, Gusty. A sweet voice, a beautiful face—a Hebe form are all very delightful, in their way. But tell me what good it is to a husband to have his wife possess all those and other personal attractions if she is deficient in other respects—in those qualities that go to make up the true woman—the true wife—the true housekeeper?"

The half jolly smile that had been hovering under Rusling's mustache, died slowly away under the serious earnestness of Mr. Alember's words.

"I cannot think it possible that Miss Weyburn is minus the requisites you so rightly require. Give me an introduction, Alember, and I'll give you my opinion more positively. Certainly, she is exteriorly the most lovely girl I have ever seen."

"Yes—fair—very fair to see."

"And a perfect lady in her deportment."

"I know it; Miss Weyburn comes of a good old family, to whom good breeding is as natural as to breathe."

"She plays most exquisitely, Alember; and has a very pleasant voice."

Mr. Alember nodded, gravely.

"You can't tell me anything I don't know, Gus, about Winnie Weyburn. I have made her my study for seven weeks, and I know she possesses all the charms you have mentioned, besides being remarkably well-informed on general subjects, a fascinating conversationalist, and possesses an even, amiable disposition."

Rusling's face grew almost angry as he wait-

ed to hear the gentleman out; then he impetuously questioned him.

"What is Heaven's name, then, do you want in a wife that Miss Weyburn does not possess? To serve you right, she should reject you if ever you conclude to honor her. I know I would consider myself only too happy to be the suitor of so charming a woman."

Mr. Alember smiled gravely as he nodded his head slowly.

"You are twenty-five—and, as I said, capable of running mad over a pair of bewitching eyes, or a curl of golden hair. I am forty-two, and my heart can't gallop off with my common sense. There's the difference between us."

"And mighty glad I am of the difference," Gus returned, hotly, with a thrilling remembrance of Winnie Weyburn's sweet, ardent eyes, blue as the sky, that arched over their heads, and the graceful, haughty-poised head, and its vivid golden hair; then he banished the vision, and dropped his indignant tone.

"I confess to the most unmanly curiosity to know the one terrible defect that must exist in this young lady whom I thought fit to grace the President's parlor. What's the flaw in the jewel, Alember?"

"You have partly mentioned it yourself, Rusling. Very undeniably, Miss Weyburn is admirably qualified to grace the parlor at the White House, or my house, or any other house that has a parlor. But, because she can ornament the parlor—is it to be deduced she can reign over the kitchen! Rusling, I like a good dinner; and—Winnie Weyburn cannot cook a beefsteak or make an omelet."

A second of deathly silence followed the mournfully tragic remark, delivered with a solemnity and truthfulness that was fatal to Gus Rusling's dignity. A flash of fire in his eyes—a smile on his lips—then a laugh—a series of laughs, hearty and earnest, that would have been infectious had any other than Mr. Alember listened.

"Shades of Olympus! Alember; you really mean to tell me you have the audacity to deliberate about proposing to the lady because she can't cook! And you—pretend to be in love!"

"I expect to have my meals served the same, married or single, in love or not." My wife must know how to accomplish that very desirable result."

Gus laughed again; then frowned, as he thought of the blue eyes and brilliant hair.

"Since you think so much of your stomach, Alember, take my advice and go down to Seacomb and hire one of the empty villas there. The proficiency of the *chefs de cuisine* in that locality is world-famed. You can have an elegant little cottage ready furnished, and enjoy yourself finely."

Whether Mr. Rusling had any selfish policy at stake, and intended to improve the opportunity by cultivating Miss Weyburn's acquaintance; whether Mr. Alember really considered the attractions offered at Seacomb paramount to those at Ocean Edge, cannot matter. Suffice it that that day saw the departure of a middle-aged, portly, good-looking gentleman from the shore, with a lot of luggage marked, "A. A., Eglantine Villa, Seacomb, N. J."

It was a delightful little spot, a few hundred feet back from the seashore, with tastily laid out grounds surrounding it like a dainty casket surrounds a jewel. And a jewel of a house it was, with its vine-covered piazzas, and low-curtained bay-windows, through which Mr. Andrew Alember caught a glimpse of cool, racy furniture, gleaming marble mantels, and brilliant scarlet-and-cream striped Indian matting.

"A very neat place, indeed," he said to himself, as he walked through the rustic gate, and walked with the slow, pompous step he thought befitting the lessee and occupant of such a charming place.

"A very desirable place, and really quite a bargain; although the agent assured me the accommodations were first-class. Ah, I see my coming was expected, there is a smell of dinner. Really, the agent has been very kind to see all this."

He paused half-way up the path to break off a sprig of verbena for his button-hole; then, continuing, went up on to the veranda, and through the open door into the silent, cool drawing-room on the left.

"Very nice—very nice, indeed," he thought, as he walked softly around, rubbing his hands in his extreme satisfaction, as fragrant odors of roasted lamb and St. Julian soup were wafted to his refectories.

Across the marble-tiled hall was the sitting-room—small, snug, cosy.

"This is just the thing. I'll make myself at home here; it shall be my smoking-room, and I'll have Rusling down here to thank him over our cigars for having recommended Seacomb to me. Sad dog, that Gusty Rusling! I'm not sure I would have left Ocean Edge to him and Winnie, unless I had been pretty sure she was about off for a visit to a classmate. How delicious that soup smells—hardly enough tomato, perhaps; and I do hope the cook will know her business well enough to make the lamb gravy brown."

And amid such reflections, and the blue haze of the cigar smoke, Mr. Alember dropped off into a deliciously dreamy reverie.

A pretty little woman, with eyes the color of a chestnut-shell—glossy and demure; a mouth all curves and as red as a ripe strawberry; smooth brown hair tucked into a net; sleeves rolled up over round, brown wrists, and a big white apron almost from chin to toes. Certainly a very unexpected apparition to appear to Mr. Alember, as he started up from his doze, at the rustle of her garments. Of course he had expected somebody to come to him—and a woman at that; but certainly he had understood the house-agent to say the housekeeper was an old woman, and here—this fresh, demure, half-roguish young girl. However, Mr. Alember's native gallantry and self-possession did not desert him.

"Oh—so you are Jane Eliza—I think the house-agent said Jane Eliza?"

A little courtesy as she answered:

"No, sir. My name is—Catherine, if you please."

"Oh! Catherine, eh? Well, I suppose he made a mistake, that's all. So you're the cook, Catherine?"

"The housekeeper, if you please, sir. The cook is dishing the dinner now, and I came to take your orders."

Mr. Alember rubbed his hands gently. This was fine—a delicious repast awaiting him; a pretty housekeeper, and a repetition of both repast and housekeeper for an indefinite time, *ad futurum*.

He gave his orders with a grandiloquent air, and had dinner sent in at once; eating and drinking to his heart's content while Catherine waited upon him.

"A very good dinner indeed—I never tasted better; give me as good every day, and I'll find no fault. And don't forget about the sugar pineapples and ice-cream about nine o'clock this evening."

Rusling's face grew almost angry as he wait-

ed to hear the gentleman out; then he impetuously questioned him.

"You've got a good cook—a first-class cook, Catherine. Is she colored? What's her name? I'd like to see her."

A little flitting smile came to her eyes that instantly vanished.

"White, sir. Yes, a very thoroughly accomplished cook. She will surprise you with the ice-cream."

And left to himself, Mr. Alember thought what a jolly thing it was to hire Eglantine Cottage, and keep house. Then, when Catherine had left no traces after her of that dainty meal, the gentleman betook himself to a walk around the grounds, to pleasantly while away the hours until dusk.

It was just in the twilight when he re-entered the drawing-room through the open French window; and a familiar voice welcomed him.

"Well, old fellow, you are domesticated where I least expected to find you. Why didn't you tell me you were acquainted with Miss Merle?"

Mr. Alember seized Rusling's extended hand cordially.

"Bless my heart, Gus,